



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Yes, when he your saucy noddles gives a  
     scoring,  
 You'll vent your penitence in hideous  
     roaring.  
 Such be the fate of all who wield the pen  
 Against the *loyal feuds* stirred up by O-  
     rangemen.

## TO MY HARP.

## I.

CHARMER of life ! sweet harp, to thee  
 I wish to consecrate my song,  
 And tho' unskill'd in minstrelsy  
 That sleeps thy silver strings among,  
 Yet still the pathos of thy wire,  
 The bold persuadings of thy strain,  
 Command my soul, my bosom fire,  
 And banish care's ill-boding train.

## II.

When first in early life I heard  
 Thy rich redundancy of tone,  
 I blest thy notes, I blest thy bard,  
 Then grasp'd thee as thou wert my own;  
 Among thy strings my fingers crept  
 By art unaided, and to me  
 The sound I made was sweet ; I wept,  
 And dropp'd a tear my harp on thee.

## III.

Years pac'd away, I look'd around,  
 My native country caught my eye,  
 And soon, alas ! a cause I found,  
 To dew my cheek, to make me sigh.  
 Th' historic muse before me laid,  
 Such scenes as only please the mind  
 That fiends misanthropic have made  
 A den of mischiefs to mankind.

## IV.

Eria ! tho' blest by nature more  
 Than other isle, than other land !  
 Yet, discord rules thy em'rald shore,  
 Concordant with a lawless hand.—  
 Thy ancient glories prostrate lie,  
 Unstrung the herald of thy name,  
 And soon we'll hear slow passing by,  
 The last sad requiem of thy fame.\*

\* If the Catholic Board be suppressed,  
 enslaved Erin will then lose her moving  
 tone of complaint ; she will then arrive  
 at the lowest point of degradation. Here

## V.

Mild soother of my lonely hours !  
 Wilt thou survive th' unwelcome day  
 That will my country's fairest flowers  
 Consign unmindful to decay  
 Yes, thou may'st live, and it shall be  
 Thy dearest duty to relate,  
 What was the land gave birth to thee,  
 Ere sunk to slav'ry's lowest state.

## VI.

Faction accurs'd ! to thee we owe,  
 Whatever wrongs or ills we feel—  
 The *penal code*, th' exclusive foe,  
 Is offspring of thy bigot zeal :  
 And still thy *annual* banners stream,  
 Surrounded by a mongrel race,  
 The burden of whose every theme,  
 Is ruin to their native place !

COLMANUS.

## A SONG.

## I.

JOY to the circle that now closes round,  
 The magical circle of hearts that we love !  
 Our souls in the strong ties of friendship  
     are bound,  
 And no hand shall the fairy-wove fetters  
     remove.  
 Though chains we abhor, and in freedom  
     delight,  
 Yet friendship is freedom when warm and  
     sincere ;  
 Let the charm then that girds us be ever  
     kept bright,  
 O ! as bright as those pure beaming eyes  
     that are here.

## II.

Hail to the moment that now passes by !  
 This moment to friendship and song we  
     resign ;  
 Our pleasures are winged, and if as they  
     fly,  
 We can pluck but a feather we must not  
     repine.

and there, and now and then, her bards,  
 who yet, and who will still love her, may  
 sing of her sorrows, but the grand chorus  
 of her *petitional* band will cease, and cor-  
 ruption and willing slavery join to revel  
 on her misfortunes.